A history of Herring Lake; with an introductory legend, The bride of mystery

A HISTORY OF HEARING LAKE

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HISTORY OF HERRING LAKE WITH INTRODUCTORY LEGEND THE BRIDE OF MYSTERY BY THE BARD OF BENZIE (John H. Howard) CPH The Christopher Publishing House Boston, U.S.A

DEDICATION

TO MY COMPANION AND HELPMEET FOR ALMOST TWO SCORE YEARS; TO THE STURDY PIONEERS WHOSE ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THEIR FOLLOWERS TO HERRING LAKE AND ITS ENVIRONS; TO MY LOYAL SWIMMING PLAYMATES, YOUNG AND OLD; TO THE GOOD NEIGHBORS WHO HAVE LABORED SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH ME IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR LOCAL RESOURCES; AND TO MY NEWER AND MOST WELCOME NEIGHBORS WHO COME TO OUR LOVELY LITTLE LAKE FOR REJUVENATION OF MIND AND BODY—TO ALL THESE THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF LEGEND AND ANNALS IS REVERENTLY AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

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As hastened on the autumn of eighteen sixty-five, Old Malpah's flagging spirits seemed somewhat to revive. South of Muskegon River, since banished from the north, His elders long had tarried, afraid to venture forth. Toward where their ancient foemen had been left in control. But war long since had ended, and Malpah's restless soul Was stirred by secret longing beyond his children's ken, Though oft they heard murmur: “I must go back again.” His daughter, Mattacoopah, no mother e'er had known; Her sire, both brave and tender,

had reared he all alone. Ne'er had papoose been sweeter than this half-orphan mite. With skin like frost-kissed sumac, and orbs than stars more bright.

Her oft-repeated questions could but his answer draw: “Some time, my dear Papoosey, we'll see our angel squaw.” She never knew that Herring, the lake that saw her birth, Was to her sire most cherished of any spot on earth. South of Muskegon's waters till now had passed her life; One of her tribe there wooed her and made her his good wife. Papooses three came to them, and two were left alive When her old sire grew restive in eighteen sixty-five.

As frost began to crimson the leaves upon the trees, And subtle hints of winter came floating on each breeze, 10 The old man to his daughter a thoughtful silence broke, And of his secret longing most pleadingly he spoke: “Can we not journey northward, beyond the Manistee, While yet the cold, clear water of snow and ice are free? I yearn to see Lake Herring once more before I die”— He stopped. More strong than language spoke moisture in his eye. Sweet mattacoopah's father was like a mother, too; No less than him to humor could she in conscience do. Her husband listened kindly; the five were moving soon. Some nights they stayed with settlers, at times slept ‘neath the moon. But Winter's step was swifter than could be their advance— The Frost King tried to stifle old Malpah's Dream Romance Before the red man's vision Small Herring could embrace, A sheet of ice had sealed it, and snow had hid its face. Fatigued by urgent travel, the other were not slow To yield to Malpah's counsel, “Let us outstay the snow.” Near Herring's southeast corner they built a wigwam warm, By hill and wood protected from onslaught of the storm. With settlers they commingled, and, in a broken tongue, Endeavored to be friendly what time the whites among. This incident is told us, which illustrates the fact That comeliness in infants all races will attract: A beautiful white baby, a girl* not five months old, Red Mattacoopah fondled and in her lap would hold; Her feet their fancy captured, and ‘twixt themselves they'd say, In words new to the white folk: “How beautiful are they!”

* Nineteen years later this white baby became the wife of the author of this legend and history.

Sweet Mattacoopah's husband, Charloweekah by name, Was busy all the winter, with traps and hunting game; 11 That Mattacoopah's children be not allowed to freeze, Her fire she fed with fagots from windfall limbs and trees.

As thus by these bronzed parents the snowy weeks were spent. Almost in secret silence old Malpah came and went. He hinted once of finding what looked like human bones, And in his dreams oft muttered in incoherent tones. But, whatsoe'er he quested, as he paced Herring's shores, Was alien as God's manna would be to their plain stores. His eating was but little, yet strength he never lacked To keep each virgin snowfall with footsteps thickly packed. As storms gave way to sunshine, and thinner grew the ice, The lure of Herring's margins seemed wholly to entice Old Malpah his long vigils more restlessly to keep, Till, when the ice fields drifted, he hardly thought of sleep. His daughter and her children he'd kiss at break of day, And toward some ice-free border alertly take his way.

At last came rain and south wind to search each icy pore, And, lo, Small Herrings's waters were free from shore to shore Then even less could Malpah the water's lure resist— He'd gaze down toward its bowls, he'd scrutinize its mist. It seemed as if he'd shaken a fist at cruel Fate, And to Fate's heartless mandate would not capitulate. But sometimes there come crises to thwart the staunchest soul, When Love must bow to forces transcending its control. Wild lilies and anemones in woods were in the blow Before a slackened vigil his actions seemed to show. His moods were left unquestioned; the others knew ‘twere vain To try to probe his secret—'twould only cause him pain. 12 But, though no word was spoken, they felt his peace of mind Would be restored if Herring were left for aye behind. The morn of their departure he yielded to an urge Once more to stand in silence where lake and Outlet merge. Then, with a broken spirit, but still unreconciled, He let his daughter lead him, as pliant as a child. When to the friendly settlers the five said their good-by A tear of mutual sadness half-blinded every eye.

And now our mystic legend a backward step must take. What magic tie bound Malpah, entranced, to Herring Lake? It came to my cognition through visions in a dream, Unfolded

like a parchment entrusted with the theme: The Indian's restless spirit through darkness seemed to steal And say: “My earth-bound secret it soothes me to reveal. A scion of Algonquin, a Pottawatomi, Was he who gave me being, of noble ancestry. I fully prized my birthright, but there was deep in me An urge to break the fetters of my tribe's boundary. That wish made me a rover, a lostling from my clan; I early grew familiar with southern Michigan. I knew its lakes and forests its rivers I had trailed; My tribe's too near horizon was all my soul bewailed. Each time I left my fellows I'd wander farther forth, And soon there came a longing to venture toward the north. I knew an ancient warfare had kept tow tribes at bay, But hatred long unfuelled should some time die away. Upon this hope of safety my confidence I hung, And said: ‘I'll hunt and wander the Ottawas among.’ So I adventured northward much farther than before, And with irenic bearing approached the stranger's door. I did not fully mingle, but kept in part aloof. Their acts disclosed mo menace, my acts drew no reproof. But, meeting Arequipah, born of those Ottawas, I learned that love's strong passion obeys no tribal laws. 13 To heed parental counsels, she never broke our tryst, For love had forged a fetter ‘twere useless to resist. If I opposed some rival, that fact I did not know, But to her deeper prescience my life, perhaps, I owe. For her shrewd instinct scented, at last, a trap for me; And loyally she warned me: ‘Stay not a day, but flee!’ My eyes asked hers question, a kiss was her reply; We disappeared as softly as mists melt in the sky. Suspicious of pursuers, we played a clever ruse, So, if they traced our footsteps, the scent they soon would lose; We started toward one quarter until we met a lake, Then waded partly round it, another course to take. Whene'er we came to water, we shaped our course anew, Till not the shrewdest redskin our zigzag could pursue. The hopes of Arequipah for rest and food in sight Sustained her for the trials of our most rapid flight. My gun and ammunition were strapped upon my back, But I dared not employ them lest they reveal our track. Sharp grew the teeth of hunger; some game I soon must snare Or Arequipah's vigor would wan beyond repair. Had my complete devotion made me more warm than wise To let her, in her lealty, her welfare jeopardize? This charge, made by my conscience, my mind could not defend— But, lo, my brief forebodings came haply to an end. We wearily had mounted a broad, commanding hill,

Whose crest disclosed a vision that gave our hearts a thrill: Less than a mile before us we saw the waters gleam Of twin lakes of great beauty connected by a stream: And, toward the land of sunset, flashed myriad ripples blue From waters whose far margin was ‘yond our span of view. The smaller of the Twin Lake instilled us with its peace, And caused the fearful tension within us to release. 14 Our lips met in thanksgiving that words could not enlarge; Hands clasped, we then descended and gained the sandy marge. Assured by the Great Spirit our souls were safely kept, Unhaunted by misgivings, in peacefulness we slept. When sunbeams oped our eyelids, and birds their carols sung, We thought we were in Eden and all the world was young. Near where the Smaller Herring its surplus waters pour Upon the shifting quicksands of Michigan's white shore, We found a nook seclude, ‘neath fir and cedar shade, And soon agreed our wigwam should on this spot be made.

‘A Voice told Arequipah that we need no more fear, Because her kindred people would not suspect us here. They knew my features stamped me a Pottawatomi, And therefore they would reason I'd take my bride and flee Back to my loyal tribesmen, long banished to the south Of where Muskegon River crawled slowly toward its mouth. But we had wandered westward and found a cosy nest Where something to us whispered no foeman would molest. Wild game had not been harried by hunters, so it seemed, And Herring's woods and waters with many species teemed. So sweet was our existence that Autumn quickly flew— Almost before we knew it, the wintry north winds blew; But sheltered was our wigwam, and well were we prepared To see fulfilled the promise my bride with me had shared. ‘Twas sweet to live expectant so long: The ice and snow Were gone when Arequipah begged me not far to go To hunt the duck and pigeon. Said she: ‘I do not fear; But somehow, my dear Malpah, I wish you very near.’ 15 The crowfoot in the forest the sun's call had obeyed When, late in April's half-moon was born our Indian maid. We'd named her Mattacoopah long ere we saw her birth, Which means the resurrection or dormant life on earth As forest life awakened with ampler sunlight hours, It seemed that Mattacoopah unfolded with the flowers. ‘Twas Arequipah's custom our we papoose to take And sit in silent rapture by Michigan's Great Lake; And not until the chariot of day

would I it sink Would she turn toward our wigwam and quit the water's brink. I'd watch their every motion, my heart abrim with love, And think ‘This is the heaven we dream as placed above.’

“On many moons so blissful as those I love to dwell, And wait, and wait, and, dreading, wait, e'er telling what befell. For I've no power of telling what I have never known, How Fate mad Mattacoopah and me bereft, alone. If you would know the sadness that has been mine for years, Imagine that June morning, and censure not my tears. First you must know, the better my tale to understand, That, when we came to Herring, the first work of my hand Was a canoe of birchen, built with my utmost skill— To shoot it o'er the waters how it my soul would thrill! Then Arequipah hinted that she'd enjoy one, too, To keep the skill from lapsing that she from childhood knew. So agile was her movement, so dextrous was her arm, That fear I soon abandoned that she might meet with harm. ‘Twas oft her mood to follow, or tease me for a race; Then, when I'd moor and enter the woods, she would retrace Her course back toward the Outlet, or it might please her wish 16 Near my canoe to linger and watch the tiny fish. But since the we papoosey had come she hadn't yearned To follow me; she bided, content, till I returned.

“Then came that morn in Junetime, as I can ne'er forget; When I had kissed and left her, her eye was slightly wet. Did an intent to follow that anxious eye conceal? THAT was the hidden secret the sequel seemed to seal. I called back: ‘Watch Papoosey, and i'll be with you soon,’ Then sought the haunts frequented most oft by duck and loon. Perhaps an hour or longer was I in quest of game; Then, urged by some foreboding, back to the wigwam came. There was no Arequipah. The babe rolled near the door And smiled at me; I hurried to where, upon the shore Of what we call the Outlet our boats were wont to be. My own was there; the other, ‘twas very plain to see, Had recently been taken and dragged form off the strand— The sun had not affected the wet groove in the sand. I hastened toward the Big Lake; before I reached the beach Her light canoe lay stranded on shoals in easy reach. The paddle was not in it or anywhere in sight; Each new fact I discovered but added to my fright. I knew well that the quicksands o'er which the Outlet poured Were sometimes

very fickle, and these I next explored. They bore my weight. I traversed them three times o'er and back And looked for other footprints; mine was the only track. I hurried to the wigwam; the babe had restive grown; I gave her some small morsel, left her again alone. ‘I must,’ vowed I, ‘this channel drag well from end to end Ere that sun into water shall for the night descent.’ My search was fast, but thorough; my search was wholly vain; 17 My baby was half-orphaned—that hourly grew more plain. That other food than breast milk her need in part supplied. Was well; I had been frenzied if she that night had cried. Some friendly missionaries I knew some miles away, And took her on the morrow and asked if she might stay; Then, to the lake returning, all known devices tried To make the woods or waters give back my loyal bride. I thought that, had she sunken, her body would soon float, So kept a daily vigil on foot or in my boat. It seemed as if her spirit, to lead me, hovered near, And from the waters whispered: ‘Dear Malpah, I am here.’ In cloudy days and sunny I wandered far and wide, Buoyed by the hope that somewhere I'd find my missing bride. But, when grim Winter's pinions bound fast the lake and land, With one last look and hopeless, the little spot I scanned Where to my Arequipah and me the babe was born; Then left the lonely wigwam to wander forth forlorn. But for my Mattacoopah, I might have done the vice Of joining my lost loved one beneath Small Herring's ice. I thanked the missionaries, who well my babe had kept; When they learned of my failure, with sympathy they wept. So much they'd learned to love her, they held us there till spring; And, to repay their kindness, game trophies would I bring. Then, bearing my papoosey, through wood, o'er stream and dune, I faced me toward my kinsmen, and greeted them in June.

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“Grown now is Mattacoopah, and has a husband true; Of their three sweet papooses, alive and bright are two. They know not my whole story, although they humored me To wander with me northward my Herring Lake to see. I've viewed the crumpled wigwam, built thirty years ago; I've heard the waters rippling, seen them in ice and snow. You know now what strong magnet called me to wander north— Indite this tale for children the future may bring forth.”

Like life to your translator did this long legend seem, As by the Indian spirit it was revealed in dream; So from the mystic waters he partly lifts the veil, To let you share the secret of Malpah's tragic tale.

Some souls so well are gifted with penetrating eyes That, when from Herring's bosom the morning mists arise, An aura they envisage, ethereally light, Intangible as shadows limned by the moon at night. And there are souls with heaven so perfectly in tune They sense some mystic presence about this sweet lagoon; A soulful exhalation from somewhere seems to steal; Blest are those kindred spirit who can presence feel. The songs that Arequipah set forth upon the air Some souls can still recapture and hear re-echoed there. For them her sunset carols will nevermore be stilled; For them the lakes's sweet silence with melody is filled. With Herring's moods and aspects was her whole being blent; She must abide a portion of every element— In wood and air and water the spiritual eye will see The soul of Arequipah, the Bride of Mystery.

HERRING LAKE FROM LOOKOUT HILL

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A HISTORY OF HERRING LAKE

What is a “history?” Of the dozen definitions given for the word, no other is so appealing to me as “story,” which, singularly, is the last synonym usually given. But I place it before all others, because there is a magical fascination in the word “story.” Our second want, after we have been ushered into the world, is a story. We tease our mother for one, and then another. I think, too, that almost every one of us would contrive to remain alive a little longer to hear the finish of a story. Each of our lives is a story, and the reason why we cling to life so tenaciously is because we would like to add more chapters to our life-story. Every one thinks at the last that, if he or she could stay on the stage a little longer, his or her particular life-story could be rounded out more symmetrically.

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In this age when “of making of many books there is no end,” many of the best writers are learning that if the word “story” enters into the title of book readers will beat a path to the door of the library to get that book. Will Durant did not call his wonderful book that was the product of years of labor “A Treatise on Philosophy,” or “A Symposium of Philosophy,” but entitled it “The Story of Philosophy,” and no other book on metaphysics ever stood up in competition against undisguised fiction as that book did. It is likely that to call a volume “A Story of the Stars” would entice more readers than to give it the title of “Astronomy.” And doubless geology would be more alluring as a study if clothed in a volume entitled “A Story of the Rocks.”

A “story” to the average person, however, seems to imply the introduction of people upon some stage of action. Thus it appeals to the social instinct that is at the core of each one of us. One great historian made his history of a certain country much more memorable to me than it otherwise would have been by calling it a history 20 of the *people* of that country. And, since it is people, and not rocks and trees and buildings, who are to read histories and stories, why should not human beings be the first consideration in a history or a story?

Do you, my friend, prefer to have, or not to have, at least one person to be found in a picture of natural scenery? Do you always scan it in search of a human form, much as children try to find the animal or bird in the puzzle picture? You may remember that, somewhere in his fascinating writings upon art, John Ruskin stated that a landscape picture was disappointing to him if it did not contain a single human form. But Edgar Allan Poe just as stoutly declared his aversion to the figure of a person in a landscape picture. However, we all know of Poe's morbid propensities—perhaps excusable because of his “Lost Lenore.” Nevertheless, he was an oddity, and his tastes not a sure criterion of human desires and predilections.

If a book is written ostensibly to give entertainment, and begins with description exclusive of personality, we do not follow the description long or far before mentally asking: “Isn't somebody going to do something or say something pretty soon?” Man has been aptly

described as “a social animal,” and most of us of the genus homo seldom are satisfied with complete isolation. In my legend I have made it impossible for the person endowed with a little imagination ever to feel entirely alone upon or near our beloved Herring Lake.

A mere “History of Herring Lake” might almost imply or suggest an account of its origin and geological development. Nothing is further from my purpose. That effort would be a futile as to try to give reasons for the existence of many isolated basins between hills within easy walking distance of Herring Lake, especially to the south. They have, at first sight and unexplored, the physical appearance of valleys normally functioning as water carriers; but they are short and blocked at both ends, and are streamless. They lead nowhere. Can your mind conceive a vast sea, perhaps a wider Lake Michigan, as having covered them eons ago? If it did so cover 21 them, its subsidence must have been slow, so why did it not more nearly bring them and the hills to a level? The sand of which the bottoms of the basins and the tops of the hills are composed is extremely movable. A single severe storm will often shift very appreciably the beaches of our lakes hereabout. What caused these illogical basins?

For the sake of pertinent comparison, let us leave Herring Lake a moment, while I take you in imagination to the south shore of Lake Erie, sixty miles east of Cleveland, where I was born and reared. The soil there was mainly heavy, with much clay. About three or four miles inland from Lake Erie, and running approximately parallel to its shore, there was and is a somewhat uniform hillside sloping toward the north, toward the big lake, of course. As far as I ever travelled east and west there, for many miles, this hillside was to be observed, though always cut through, of course, wherever a creek or river approached Lake Erie to empty its waters. Among the older residents, people were said to live either “on the ridge” or “under the ridge,” with relation to this long strip of hillside that made a difference of perhaps a hundred feet in elevation. In fact, some places fifty feet of this rise was so uniform and regular that the inquiring mind could but ask itself what was the cause of this running hillside. And many were strongly of the opinion that, perhaps, thousands or millions of years ago, this abrupt slope had been Lake Erie's south shore. There were

practically no small lakes in that territory, which circumstance differentiated the topography very much from Benzie county.

With regard to its physical aspects, Herring Lake as it has appeared since its beauty first lured the eye of white men will suffice for our “history,” which will be mostly a tale of people. Some modifications taking place on its borders I shall try to picture; and, in doing so, introduce to you the personal element responsible for those changes. Your mind's eye will be alert for the human beings who will appear upon and disappear from 22 the stage of which Herring Lake is the permanent mise en scene.

So much has been written of Pere Marquette, so much local ardor has been evinced in many localities to identify his activities with those particular spots, without authentic evidence, that I shall ignore the French missionary movements of two and a half centuries ago, of which Marquette was the leading figure. It is my purpose to write from information I have myself obtained, and to quote more from people's tongues than from anything that has ever been written, with the exception of S. S. Gilbert's memoirs of the fist decade of this history. Aside from those, I make originality my first consideration. So I shall begin with the appearance hereabout of people known to persons now living or living within my own memory.

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THE FIRST LOCAL SAWMILL

I have conversed with many of the earliest white settlers who lived near or frequented the two Herring Lakes. Whenever I asked about the first considerable activities of any white man contiguous to the lakes, and particularly Lower Herring, “Old Averill” would be first mentioned. And Averill's activities had to do with nothing but the making and shipping of lumber.

The operations of Averill seem to have been confined almost entirely to pine, and he swept that valuable timber almost clean from the flats between the two Herring Lakes and the

surrounding hills. In fact, his cuttings evidently extended to a considerable distance from the lakes. I could now show the interested stranger giant pine stumps, still perfectly sound at the root, on my own farm, trees from which, I have always been told, were a part of Averill's harvest. Wherever farmers cleared the land following Averill's lumbering, they usually grubbed out most of the pine stumps. The Frederickson farm, for one, was thickly dotted with them. Simon Frederickson's maternal grandfather, Hans Knudsen, a native of Denmark, was, even within the period of my residence here, so common a figure as he patiently upturned the big pine stumps from his son-in-law's farm, that he was regarded as almost an institution. The land on the flats owned by George Rupright still contains occasional stumps from which Averill took the valuable part, the “superstructure.”

It is definitely known that Averill had a boarding house for his helpers near the present site of the White Owl dance hall, another near the point of beach west of Roy Collins’ cottage, and another near Lake Michigan, north of what shall be called the “Outlet” in this history.

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“SAM” GILBERT AND HIS MEMOIRS

To introduce this Averill, at that time so dominant a personality, to my readers, I shall present him through an intermediary, Samuel S. Gilbert, to whose pioneer memoirs, ,printed serially about thirty years ago in a local paper, I am much indebted for data of events synchronizing with the regime of this man Averill, who operated a sawmill located on the creek connecting the two Herring Lakes, about forty or fifty rods from its mouth at Lower Herring.

As “Sam” Gilbert's debut on the shores of the little lake was for the purpose of working with and for Averill, and as he was intimately associated with all the details of the mill's operations as long as they lasted after his arrival, I shall adhere strictly to his version of the history of Herring Lake during those days. I have listened to many echoes from that period, as delivered from the tongues of those who had to depend upon what they themselves

had heard for information. These somewhat legendary accounts often conflict with one another, and in some essential details do not harmonize with Gilbert's memoirs. Gilbert being a participant in these interesting activities, and being a man of good education, a wonderful memory and a cultivated literary style, I shall rely upon the output of his pen and my own conversations with him for most of the events up to the time Averill disappears from the scene. I hereby tender thanks to Samuel Gilbert's surviving children for the unrestricted access I have enjoyed to their father's memoirs.

Samuel Gilbert was a native of Hiram, Portage county, Ohio. How he drifted as far west as Michigan City, Indiana, or Chicago, he does not state. But from one or the other of those ports, on May 9, 1854, he shipped on the schooner N. C. Walton, Captain Bob Smith, bound for Herring Lake. Gilbert was then about eighteen or nineteen years old. The schooner carried bags of grain and baled hay for the horses. Gilbert and several of the

25 other men bound for the north woods had to sleep on loose hay on the floor in the hold, and in some way the young man became a victim of fever and ague in bad form while still on shipboard.

Gilbert describes the trip interestingly, praises the scenery upon the shore, and tells of the stops at Manistee and Portage Point (Onekama) to let off passengers headed for woods or mills. Manistee was in the pioneering stage from which it was to evolve within three or four decades into one of the largest lumber towns in the world. Gilbert, in his extensive intercourse with the Indians later, learned the Indian equivalents of our present geographical nomenclature hereabout. Onekama Lake was then spelled One-Ka-Ma-enk and signified Medicine Water. Gilbert depicts the personalities of the five besides himself who made the complete trip to Herring Lake. Two were Germans by extraction. One of these was Big John, a six footer weighing 225 pounds. The other was Schnider, who fairly bubbled with songs. Number 3 was named Huntpopper “for short,” (not so very short). Last

was a young Irishman named McQueenie, who began to radiate Irish wit about the local prospect before he had even landed.

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“OLD AVERILL” AND HIS FAMILY

Now is the opportune time to introduce Averill, who was watching for the arrival of the schooner Walton with his new helpers. People who have never seen him are wont to speak of him as “Old Averill,” but Gilbert describes him as a man of about forty-five years, exceedingly well built. He has often been referred to as cruel, but it seems he was very amiable and agreeable except when his violent temper was stirred. Then his heavy first came into play. His given name was Harrison, and his older son had the same name and was about twenty-one at this period. Next in age of Averill's family was Paul I. nineteen, with a creative spirit. He built a 28-foot sailboat, which Gilbert later bought and sailed. Then came Levi T., seventeen, who was skillful as an Indian interpreter. Sally M., about sixteen at this epoch, was oldest of the girls and a genuine mirthmaker and favorite. Mary Jane was about fourteen, not so well liked. The youngest was Emma, sometimes called Lida, about eight or nine. She was named after Emily, Mrs. Averill, who was Averill's second wife, and the little girl was Mrs. Averill's only child.

Gilbert states that the Averills had come to Herring Lake about 1851. On March 2, 1856, Sally was married to David Sutherland, and died at her Herring Creek home in the summer of 1857, leaving an infant child five days old which survived her only a few months. They were buried in the same grave at the north end of Herring Lake. After our local cemetery was bought and plotted the contents of those graves at the lake were removed and placed therein. I have in my possession a beautiful poem written by Gilbert to the memory of Sally Sutherland.

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FRANKFORT'S FIRST PIERS

Harrison Averill the elder was born in Canada. When Sam Gilbert, above sixty years of age, began having these early reminiscences published in our local paper, about thirty years ago, they were brought to the attention of Harrison Averill the younger, then living in Saginaw. He wrote to the local editor approving the publication of the early history, and added that his father had built the first piers at Frankfort. In this letter the younger Averill stated that two of his sisters were still living. Gilbert's memoirs picture young Harrison S. Averill to us as very athletic and a wonderful swimmer. Gilbert, a natural waterman, learned much of his aquatic skill of this son of his employer.

THE SAWMILL'S EQUIPMENT

We turn now to the mill itself and its corollaries. It was a waterpower mill of the single muley type (an up-and-down saw), and had a capacity of 7,000 feet of pine lumber in twelve hours. As there was never a dearth of water, the mill was run day and night, two men being a full force and short shifts made. The big pines were cut on the hills north of Upper Herring Lake, hauled to the water and floated down the creek to the mill. From other directions they must have been hauled in with teams.

An inclined track made of two-by-four scantlings ran from the mill to the mouth of the creek, and on this was operated a truck of 1,000 feet capacity. Its wheels were wooden, sawed from the end of a log, and banded with metal to make them lasting. The truck ran down the grade of its own momentum after being started. The lumber was rafted across the little to the channel, and there was much swimming sport in connection. It was floated down the Outlet and to the schooner lying at anchor in lake Michigan.

LOST IN THE HILLS

Several adventures and incidents connected with the mill's regime are of much interest. Having myself once been lost one night in early winter on the hills north of Herring Lake,

one adventure of Averill's men gave me a thrill. One of the workmen, roaming these same hills, had found an old fox with her young. He went back to the mill and made up a company of three or four of his companions and they went to the rendezvous of the old fox. She had fled after the first alarm, but they captured two young ones alive after unfortunately and fatally injuring a third. Starting for the mill, they became “turned around,” lost their way and had to camp under the evergreens over night.

TREED BY BIG BRUIN

One of Averill's boys went to Traverse City on a business trip. He encountered, near Silver Lake, a big bear that refused to be frightened from his path; in fact, the bear took the offensive and treed young Averill, who escaped by a narrow margin of time. Bruin devoured the supply of provisions Averill had hurriedly dropped at the foot of the tree. At this juncture a branch of the tree broke and let Averill fall heavily upon Bruin's back. The latter was less hungry than before, and, alarmed at the supposed shifting of Averill's military tactics, uttered a roar and fled precipitately.

THE BOAT THIEF GETS TAR AND FEATHERS

About mid-June, 1854, Hiram Walker and his son of twelve years and a little girl of ten, in a small sloop-rigged sailboat containing their household goods, camped two or three days at the creek near Lake Michigan. They were escaping from the autocratic abuses of the self-styled “Apostle” Strang, of Beaver Island, whose record of depredation is a byword of pioneer history in this 29 region. Walker went on to Manistee when the wind became favorable. Some time later, during a high wind, a suspicious-looking character stopped at Averill's and asked for food, also for help to haul his boat out of the big lake and upon the beach, where it would be safe. Gilbert and Averill went to help him. They recognized the boat as Walker's and asked the stranger where he got it. He said he bought it in Pere Marquette for ten dollars. This made them more suspicious, as the boat was easily worth four times the amount. He had to wait a favorable wind, and the crew of the mill kept him

busy that day, though he was very uneasy. During breakfast next morning Walker, the owner of the boat, searching for it, appeared upon the scene and identified the boat as his. The schooner Walton had just arrived again to load with lumber, and a trial of the thief was held, and it was decided to tar and feather him and make him help at the boat loading so adorned. This was done. Then he was advised to stay at the mill and work till his hair, which his punishers had cropped, should make growth enough for a presentable tonsorial treatment. He agreed to do so. But the first night he ran away, taking valuable articles besides shoes that had been given him. This turn of affairs put Averill into one of his passions.

He swore profusely and dispatched, his son Paul, with a hunting knife and double-barreled pistol, to try to catch the runaway. Paul overtook him before reaching Betsey river, fired the pistol to scare him and brought him back. It was decided to give him the balance of the original sentence, which had been commuted. He was placed in front of five or six of the most athletic men in camp, who were supplied with gads five or six feet long, and told to “Run!” Each one placed as many blows as possible on the culprit's back before he escaped for good.

30

AVERILL'S COOL TREATMENT OF “JO” OLIVER

Averill had a dislike for Indians. Joseph Oliver, whose wife was half Indian, had been the first white man to settle near what is now Elberta. This was in the spring of 1854. She died while Averill's mill was still being operated, and Oliver came to Averill and asked him to spare a man long enough to build a coffin for the deceased. Averill refused, and also refused to lend tools for doing the job. Oliver, with whom I conversed years later, was very fond of his squaw wife, and Averill's cold refusal cut him to the quick.

Gilbert represents Averill as opposed to strong liquor among his crew but encouraging its use among the Indians, regarding them as a more degraded race.

It has been stated that Averill was simply appropriating the government's timber, of which so much was done along this shore, that he finally scented the approach of government officers sent to protect the timber, and that he quickly disappeared with what mill fixtures he could transport in a small boat. I find no record of this in Gilbert's memoirs, or any reference to Averill's departure at any time.

About 1863 a man named Burdick (whose first name I have been unable to ascertain) availed himself of the water power Averill had abandoned, and set up another sawmill on the site of the old one. Whether he rehabilitated the old turbine wheel Averill had made use of, or found it useless and substituted another, is uncertain; but he sawed oak and remnants of the pine until, in mid-summer of 1866, his mill was burned. He attributed the fire to either malice of his neighbors or their carelessness in clearing land. He seems to have generated a hearty dislike for himself in a brief period. There is an account still extant that he threatened to shoot John Hunt, and that the latter, who was locally credited with being an instantaneous shot with a rifle, made a reply like this: “Go to it, if you are quick enough.”

The information that all the metal about the old mill left behind by Burdick was taken to Frankfort and sold for old iron I got from the man who conveyed it away, L. K. Putney.

31

INDIAN NAMES AND INDIAN FARMS

Samuel Gilbert became tolerably familiar with Indian names for places and articles. Strong drink, “fire water,” they called “is-koo-ta-wa-boo”. “Che-mo-ko-mon” was “white man.” “Ka-Wis-Kahn-Enk” was Betsey river, which flows into Lake Michigan at Frankfort harbor.

The government survey had been made about twenty years before this history begins, corners of sections being marked and witness trees blazed. But Gilbert states that in 1854 there were but five white families with homes and two “bachelor roosts” between Manistee

and Grand Traverse Bay. He describes in detail two or three Indian farms not far away. One of them contained forty of fifty acres near Bar Lake, and covered much of the territory on which the village of Arcadia now stands. This farm was in excellent tillage, the work all done by the hands of the squaws, though the Indians kept ponies. It is apropos right here to state that Gilbert's nom de plume, Puk-Wa-King, was the Indian equivalent for Arcadia.

Near Pierport, five miles south of Arcadia, the Indians had two farms, one of about sixty-five acres close to Lake Michigan, and the other of twenty acres quite a distance inland from the big lake. These cultivated tracts they would leave for the winter season and retire to the vicinity of some inland lake where trapping was good for the males. The squaws would weave mats of bullrushes and cattail flag to carpet their wigwams, tan the skins of the game their spouses had captured, and make work baskets and boxes to be sold to the white people later.

32

INDIAN OBSEQUIES IN DETAIL

My authority for this period gives a touching account of the coming to Herring Lake of an Indian with his little boy and girl. The boy was in the last stages of consumption, and Gilbert accompanied the sad family to Betsey Lake, where the boy expired. The father's care had been very tender and his subsequent grief was poignant. He asked Gilbert to accompany him and his desolated little daughter to Pierport, where the Indians had long had a cemetery. The placing of the body upon a platform of poles about one foot high, the grief march around and around it, the weird dirge-like music of a crude fife played by one Indian and one-headed drum beaten with one drumstick by another, and the final interment—these details are related with palpable realism. Gilbert, at the request of the bereaved father, took part in this funeral march. The burial was typical of the red-skins' formality of interment. The body was placed in the grave in a slanting position, and on the right side with head the higher. The bottom of the grave had been covered with cedar boughs, with a mat of many-colored rushes as a final carpet. There were always

buried beside the departed one the weapons or working implements with which he had been familiar in life. In the case of this little boy a bow and arrows, a small canoe and an imitation gun were placed beside him. The body and these articles were then covered with another piece of matting, and that in turn covered with short boards and cedar bark to keep the earth from coming in contact with the corpse. Then the grave was filled, with a hole left above the head reaching to the surface, and a dish of food left beside it. In the case of a child, as in this instance, a small tent of white cotton sheeting was placed and left over the grave.

The Indians evidently wished to dispel the element of darkness in everything pertaining to the disposal of their dead. The funeral march described above took place in the evening, and a fire made of light material, and placed a short distance from the head of the dead boy, and another similarly related to the feet, burned while the weird march was enacted. And the burial took 33 place at noon next day, when the sun, exactly at the meridian, cast the least shadow. Gilbert visited this burial place often afterward, and he states in these memoirs that the cemetery bore evidence of having been used for many years.

In the migrations of the Indians, their mackinaw boat was a dual-purpose accessory and necessity. It could soon be converted into the frame of a temporary wigwam, and its sails, or mats made of the cattail flag, quickly adjusted for a cover.

THE INDIANS' LOYALTY AND INTEGRITY

Gilbert pays high tribute to the general character of the Indians with whom he associated in this vicinity. They were loyal as friends and dependable in their dealings. But they were sensitive to afford, actual or implied. They would not brook an air of superiority or apparent distrust in the whites with whom they mingled. They wished to be considered reliable. Only in one instance does Gilbert relate that he detected one in thieving. While he was trapping at Arcadia, and an Indian was camping near, he was positive two muskrats had been stolen from his traps. He questioned the Indian, who denied any knowledge of them.

He “took the matter up,” as we say in these modern days, to Chief Ke-Wax-Kum, who was making maple sugar a little southward on the hills, and who visited the Indian and obtained from him a confession of the theft. The chief interpreted to Gilbert the Indian's self-extenuation, the fact that he was out of food for himself and family.

While on the subject of honesty and ingenuousness of the Indians, an incident in John Hunt's pioneer experience is apropos. He had left his loghouse alone and unlocked one day and was working in the woods a short distance away. He observed two squaws come along and cautiously enter the house. As they lingered a little time, he stole toward the building and looked in, unobserved by them. They were standing still and looking about them at every wall and every object thereon with an air of avid curiosity and unsophistication.

THE WORM TURNS, WHEN GIVEN A CHANCE

Another instance of Averill's contempt for “Lo, the poor Indian,” is still remembered and related. A traveling redskin stopped and stayed over night and ate breakfast at one of Averill's houses. He was about to depart without rendering more compensation than thanks, but Averill indignantly demanded and got the price he asked. Much later Averill made a trip to Manistee, and darkness caught him on the road back far beyond Onekama. He stopped with an Indian family for the night, breakfasted and was about to leave, when the Indian told him that “it takes money to by whiskey,” or words to that effect. The price he asked was exactly what Averill had charged an Indian for the same service several years earlier, AND it proved to be the same Indian. Indians have ideal memories.

A BIG CARGO GOES THROUGH THE OUTLET

The question of whether the Outlet, the channel from Herring Lake to Lake Michigan, was more navigable, or less navigable, at that period than now is pertinent to comment upon at this juncture of my narrative. The oldest pioneer of the little lake's shores now living

informs me that he was somewhat acquainted with Captain John Huzzy, of the schooner I. M. Hill, and that that boat was once loaded with 150,000 feet of pine lumber near the mouth of the creek, towed across the little lake, through the Outlet and into big Michigan's waters. It is well known that the Slyfields, operating tugs from Frankfort, have several times during logging activities here, steered through the Outlet and towed booms of logs back into the big lake. The damming of the water at the Outlet with sand, by winds or by the hand of man, of course had much to do with the depth of water in the Outlet and in the little lake itself.

35

“SAM” GILBERT GETS READY FOR A WIFE AND GOES AFTER HER

The regime of Averill's mill having been fully treated, it is in place to say that Sam Gilbert turned his hand to several vocations in those early years, always with an eye to handicraft. He shaved shingles from government pine at the site of the future sawmill town of Burnham, one mile north of Arcadia. These he took to Manistee in a rowboat and sold. He also constructed barrel staves. Soon after these activities, he took up a government homestead on the west side of our M22, two miles south of Herring Lake. He went back to Ohio and married and brought his wife to their forest home. Olivia was her given name, but among her pioneer associates she was always called “Livy,” often called for in the capacity of midwife. She had been a pupil with President-to-be Garfield at Hiram College, Ohio; also a pupil of his when he later taught there.

GILBERT'S VERSATILITY AND PERSONALITY

Besides his historical memoirs over the nom de plume of Puk-Wa-King, Sam Gilbert wrote several poems exhibiting deep thought and artistic skill. I have two in my possession. One was dedicated to four fishermen drowned in the dead of winter, the crew of a fishing tug operating from Frankfort. In later life Gilbert wore a very heavy beard, was a large man, and suggested pictures of patriarchs in old bibles. The children, grandchildren and great

grandchildren of this pioneer pair have been and are still closely identified with Herring Lake's past and present. If more pioneers would leave as good a record of their pioneering as Sam Gilbert left, more authentic and interesting history might be written.

36

AUTHENTIC BEAR STORIES

At least one person living here for years in pioneer times, and being much in the woods, has boasted of never having seen a wild bear at large. But Frank Martin, who came here in the spring of 1855, and later lived with his family a few rods east of Walter Stubbs' present home, had very different experience. Frank had to wage systematic warfare against bears that became sufficiently familiar to raid his pig pen.

And John Hunt, who with his family located very near Herring Lake in the autumn of 1863, had at least two skirmishes with bears, one fatal to the bear. Standing where now lies the road known as M22, exactly in front of the site of Elias Gilroy's present residence, he shot and killed a bear on the hillside directly westward. At another time, while Hunt was taking his wife across the Outlet in a rowboat, he encountered a bear in midstream. He wished to give it battle with an oar, but his wife, instinctively afraid of water, protested that Bruin might upset the boat. So the bear was allowed to paddle his way unmolested.

Again, Mike Gavigan relates an incident of his contact with Bruin, and Mike did not come here till 1871. He was on the north side of the Outlet, where "Old Averill" had a deck-like wall of slabs to maintain a navigable dept of water in the channel. A mammoth bear had just swum across and was attempting to land. His first attempt failed, and he went back into the stream with a force that created quite a "sea." But the next trial was a triumph, and he disappeared shamefacedly into the thick undergrowth. So it would sound more "fishy" for a pioneer to deny ever meeting Bruin than to speak as if on rather familiar terms with him.

JOHN DOREY

37

ENTER JOHN DOREY, CANADIAN-FRENCHMAN

Among actual settlers, entrants who “came to stay,” there was probably no more picturesque and interesting figure in early days than John B. Dorey. He came to this locality in the autumn of 1855. At first he trapped. A few years later he built a loghouse exactly where Hans Hanson and family now live. His wife was a quaintly interesting as he. They reared a family on this spot, and their loghouse was probably the scene of more pioneer dances than any other in the neighborhood. Their only son, Julius, was one of the victims in the disaster to the crew of the fishing tug, previously mentioned.

The death of Mrs. John Dorey occurred under almost dramatic circumstances. With my wife, who was born here, and with our baby, I was here on a visit in June, 1887. One day the neighborhood women gathered at the home of my wife's parents, to commemorate their olden friendship for my wife. After supper of that long June day, Mrs. Dorey started through the narrow strip of woods to arrive at the wagon road and go home. Strangely for one living so long where the settlers’ cows pastured the woods and roamed almost where they pleased, she was very much afraid of cattle. She was just as much afraid of a thunder storm. It had threatened rain when she started, and while she was in the woods it lightened sharply; and, to magnify her fright, she met some cows. She dropped. Frank Stuart, hunting for his cows, found her and raised her to her feet and managed to convey her to the roadside, where she died. Almost at that moment, my wife's father and brother and I came from Frankfort in a wagon, and we placed her body in the wagon and took the mortal remains of this ingenuous and kindly pioneer to her house of logs.

John Dorey was full of “wise saws and modern instances.” It was his belief that those who suspected thieves should themselves be watched. So this was one of his admonishments: “If anybody is always being stealed, look out for dem.” In his widower days he fished 38

some with John Hunt, as well as followed his trade of cobbler. There was widespread complaint of almost wholesale plundering visits to this shore of the Mormons located on the Beaver Islands. Anything near Lake Michigan that could be carried in a light sailboat, even a carcass of beef, had to be “nailed down” or watched to insure its safety. It was from John Dorey, more than from any other source, that I, years afterward, learned of the predatory habit of these island habitants.

In the volume of the Michigan Historical Society that contains the sketch devoted to Benzie county there is a paragraph devoted to John B. Dorey's “dog train.” He had lived in Frankfort a few years before settling on the place previously mentioned. In winter he imitated the Eskimo, in manner at least, by hitching three dogs tandem to a sledge fourteen feet long and eighteen inches wide, with which he made trips to Manistee, thirty miles, going one day and coming back the next. He followed Lake Michigan beach and scaled and crossed whatever snowbanks and icebergs lay in his way. His conveyance had a carrying capacity of half a ton.

To this day my memory distinctly recalls the sound of John Dorey's voice, his snappy, staccato manner of speech, and with my mind's eye I see his thin, tightly drawn upper lip, indicating determination, and the firm grip of his teeth upon that old clay pipe.

BEFORE THE PIGEON SAID “ADIEU”

It is common knowledge now, and regarded with regret, that the pigeon of pioneer days is extinct in Michigan. “In that elder day” their name was not only “pigeon”; their “name was legion.” John Dorey's son, Julius, located for me the exact place in my woods where he had bent down saplings and set his snare for the birds whose whistling wings made such sprightly music in the twilight air. Today we see and hear the mourning dove, and we rue the ruthless slaughter that caused the passing of his cousin, the once common pigeon.

PETER C. TAGGART

39

“UNCLE PETE” TAGGART

In my visit to Michigan in June, 1887, I spent much time alone on Herring Lake, trolling and still fishing. I cannot forget the complete freedom I enjoyed to use the rowboat of Peter C. Taggart, who, with his estimable wife, lived in a loghouse on the exact site of Frank Vancolen's present cement house. Taggart's boathouse was on the shore of the little lake immediately in front of his house, and was a conspicious object. His living house was built of logs standing upon end, instead of one placed upon another horizontally. After I settled here with my family, I worked much for and with Peter Taggart. Taggart had been one of the Mormons on the Beaver Islands, but his straightforward dealings and unselfish habits in our relations rendered it impossible to believe he could ever have countenanced those Mormons’ marauding propensities. Taggart had fished much, alone, with John Hunt and with his wife's son-in-law, Frank Stuart, for trout and whitefish in Lake Michigan. Later he specialized in catching and peddling the fish that have “Herring” Lake its name. In my native state, Ohio, we called this herring the “cisco.”

Taggart's wife died in 1891, and for years later he lived alone, abandoning fishing as a pursuit. A cow and some hens and a few acres were his maintenance. Dear reader, every time you approach or leave Watervale from or in the direction of Frankfort, you pass beside the tax title acres that Peter Taggart cleared and tilled. Picture to yourself a short, erect, full-whiskered little man, minus one finger, seated upon an old-fashioned “roadcart” drawn by a little mule, on his regular Saturday crips to town with butter and eggs. His vehicle, “motor” and all, could almost be turned around upon a penny. His neighbors did not allow the genial old man to eat his holiday dinners alone, but invited him to join them. He was the first asthma sufferer I ever knew in Michigan. Taggart finally went to Lamoni, Iowa, and died there in the Latter Day Baptists’ Home.

40

INTRODUCING THE HOUSE OF STUART

Next to Taggart on the north was the home of Frank Stuart, now living a mile eastward. Stuart and Taggart had evenly divided their land, which extended from Herring Lake to the main road, now M22. Stuart had been a shingle weaver in Manistee, but came here with Taggart and became a fisherman and farmer. I well remember his exceedingly bright and jovial wife, who died in October, 1896. Their children are scattered, excepting Don, who, inheriting his father's love for deep water, is an officer on one of the local carferries. His children are no small fraction in the local district school.

There are few, if any, persons now living as familiar with the pioneer history of Herring Lake as Frank Stuart, now recovering the sight in an eye that had been blind for forty years. If, of a Sunday evening, you observe a tall and slightly bent figure, with a walking staff, slowly patrolling the beach of the lake, you may be looking upon this relic of old times as he is revisiting the lake and living those days again in retrospect.

41

WATERVALE'S DEBUT

Let us now turn our eyes upon Watervale (or Kraft, as you like) itself, its rise, “decline and fall,” after the manner of the Roman Empire, and its somewhat recent renascence, after the manner of the phenix. My coming here with my family in April, 1890, was approximately timed to see the very genesis and rapid growth of the little sawmill town. To the farmers living within close range, the most suggestive reminder of what was going on at the “burg” was the sight of horse teams hitched to what were usually called “big wheels.” Suspended from the axle beneath would be as long a timber of appropriate size as could be hewn from a tree perfectly straight. This was balanced under the axle with such nicety that a team could easily handle and haul it to where the pier was being begun. These timbers were piles, or “spiles,” as the lumberman is more apt to designate them. They were gathered from quite a distance, some being bought in the standing tree of farmers, and some standing on lands purchased by the company backing the enterprise.

42

HAIL HALE THE HAIRLESS

Leo F. Hale was the head of this company. Men one hundred per cent. bald are not so common as to escape attention. Hale's head was so hopelessly hairless that he welcomed and enjoyed any new joke bearing upon his hirsute helplessness. It was as bald as a snowball. His face was the same. If all men had always had heads and cheeks and chins as innocent of hair as was Mr. Hale's, barbers would have gone jobless till the age of the feminine bob arrived.

Hale had left a similar business in Bear Lake to establish Watervale with its mill and pier for shipping. The work was pushed with vim. Almost before they were aware, the farmers of the township heard the regular morning, noon, night and “quarter time” whistles of the mill, which stood on the bank of the little lake almost directly north of the driveway to what Watervale people now call “The Farm House.” A cut of 50,000 of hardwood or 60,000 feet of hemlock was the average daily capacity.

LET US TOAST “SLIVERS”

A tramway was built leading from the mill to the outer extremity of the pier, and cars constructed to carry the length of any size of lumber. A “character” that will never fade from my memory was “Slivers,” the rather necky black horse that transported all this lumber. A substantial board walk between the rails of the tram-track afforded him dependable “traction.” During a lull of the company's work for him. I once hired Slivers to do some farm work, pairing him with my own horse. I found that Slivers’ monopoly of lumber “railroading” for the company had evidently caused him to adopt the slogan “I am monarch of all I survey.” He would work willingly, but was intolerant of a horse beside him, though not savagely inclined toward a person. So I devised what we call a “jockey-stick” to keep Slivers 43 “put” and prevent his using his teeth to demonstrate his carnivorous liking for my peaceful horse.

Besides the lumber shipped by schooner from the pier, were vast quantities of cordwood and hemlock tanbark, and many telephone poles and fence posts. In the zenith of the town's activity it was desired to run the mill ten hours every day. So, when the schooner would arrive for a cargo, three whistles from the mill would announce to the farmer that he was in demand as a dock-walloper if he desired the job. And we farmers usually did want all such jobs we could get, for we were always “short,” and the “scale” wage per hour for loading boat looked very alluring. If not enough farmers, bark-peelers and other near-by men “showed up” to suffice for the speedy loading of the boat, the mill would be compelled to stop while the mill crew took a hand in the loading. But this did not often occur. Occasionally two schooners would be tied to the pier simultaneously. Often, in a dead calm, a tug from frankfort was necessary to “spot” a schooner beside the pier. Sometimes a barge would load here, which could always take care of itself, wind or no wind.

THE COMPANY GOES “BROKE”

The panic of 1893 saw the bankruptcy of the company, but much lumber was left piled in the yard and shipped later. Soon afterward, Gunder Carlson, a Frankfort man operating principally in cordwood, did a business in his specialty and bark and poles, utilizing the facilities for shipping that the company had abandoned. A great deal of the products of the woods for a distance of three-fourths a mile south of the hotel has been brought into Watervale on sleighs and wagons, coming down the driveway immediately adjoining the hotel on the east.

THE RAILROAD

A railroad with one engine had been part of the company's equipment. The track extended about five miles eastward, exactly to the edge of Joyfield townships, and as it entered the town it was built upon the beach. After the mill ceased to operate, and its machinery was

being taken away, for several years the old railroad bed furnished an excellent winter road for the hauling of logs by farmer and jobbers picking up remnants of standing timber here and there. From the site of the mill around to the Frank VanColen place, as now known, the ice for some distance out would be covered with logs, and the beach banked high with them. In spring and summer they were surrounded by “boom-sticks,” towed to the channel by men in small boats when weather was favorable, and taken through the channel to Lake Michigan, and for the rest of their trip to Frankfort or Arcadia they would be towed by a Frankfort tug.

PRIMITIVE BEAUTY OF WATERVALE'S SITE

From an esthetic point of view, if from no other, the conversion into a lumber and wood yard of that flat area between the little lake and the opening leading to the pier was a mistake. Human hands can never restore the primitive beauty of the cedar and birch, the carpet of exquisite mosses and the symmetrical spires of scattered hemlock that grew and thrived without care in this protected nook of Nature. Before the ruthless hand of commerce invaded the quiet southern shore of Herring Lake, it wore a natural hedge of evergreen, shading the moss, the myrtle and “the ivy green.”

45

THE “HOLMES CORNER”

To the mind of the writer of these lines, the south-west corner of the Bay and the cluster of trees and vines bordering it fairly exhale a breath blended with the name of “Holmes”; an atmosphere of “Holmes” per vades the almost classic spot. It has a distinctly literary setting for me. Without explication, this almost hallowing of a special location is like an enigma to the reader. I will explain. While the mill was most busily in operation, what is now called the Hotel was “The Big Boarding House,” and the only other boarding house of importance was operated by Nelson Holmes and wife. It was located in the open spot between trees where the poison ivy is now the thickest in this secluded corner. A niece

of this Mrs. Holmes is now (or was when I was last informed) an interpreter in Chicago of the cryptic passages in Browning that so many readers find it hard to fathom. It is to this young lady that I owe a better understanding of one of Browning's poems than I had before her exegesis. And it was beneath these trees that, a score of years after the old boarding place was wrecked, I first met and grasped the hand of Arthur H. Holmes, the poet of Central High School, Grand Rapids. He and his charming wife, and Edwin F. Snell and wife, associate teachers in Central High, were then occupying tents on Herring's shore for their first season. They have since that time spent more than a dozen Augusts in the companionship of our lovely lake. Does that not make the name of “Holmes” an institution in this corner? If you would enjoy Holmes’ “Autocrat” or “Professor” or “Elsie Venner” to the fullest capacity, read them in this lovely nook, dedicated by me to the name of “Holmes.”

46

THE WEAVERS AND THE RAWLINGS COTTAGE

It is but a few steps from the Holmes Corner across the flat to the foot of the commanding hill on which the Rawlings family is located their beautiful cottage. In the sawmill days the six Weavers occupied a house near the site of this cottage—mother, daughter, stalwart, father, and three sturdy sons that looked like “chips of the old block.” Alas, the Weavers, I knew them well; we belonged to the same baseball nine. They moved, with a number of others of the mill crew, to Honor, where the parents died and one son now resides, his wife being the daughter of

BIG HANS MADSEN

But the most salient character in my memories of this village of lumber and tanbark was Hans Madsen. He had, with his hospitable wife, ten years before the birth of the hamlet, settled on a forty included in John Hunt's original homestead and later bought from Hunt by Madsen. Their hill-sheltered home was the original from which Miss Hannah Kraft's Farm House has evolved. I used to ask Hans Madsen why he located on a piece of such

poor soil, susceptible to drought. He would only reply that it was to be near the big water, as in his native Denmark, where he could fish at leisure, pick up unclaimed wreckage from the big beach, and always hear the voluminous voice of Lake Michigan.

Hans Madsen was said to have been the most powerful man who ever worked at the big furnace in South Frankfort (now called Elberta), where muscle was an asset valued at a premium. His Herculean apex was reached when he handled, on a large wheelbarrow, a cord of green four-foot wood. He was so bow-legged that he himself regarded his legs as objects to provoke mirth; he was verily an animate Colossus at Rhodes. Seldom was a lumber vessel loaded at the pier without Hans Madsen's help. His home's adjacency to the pier made it easy for him to the first man “on deck.”

47

As I have said, cattle ran at large in those days, and if Madsen had failed to find his cows at night he would be at my door next morning to inquire if I had seen them. Near my barn was the only water cattle could find to drink south of his place without going to Lake Michigan, so a group of bovines hovering around this sort of oasis east of my buildings was a common sight; and it was logical for neighbors farther north to look there for missing cattle. It is a proverb that “one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.” It may interest my readers to know that, in the period of which I am writing, “the wolf” was kept a little farther from the farmer's door by the rearing of a few head of cattle for beef, pasturing them at large and rounding them up at home occasionally, if not daily, to prevent their straying too far. Cattle will not easily forget a place where they are frequently treated to salt. The Danes who formed a large part of the pioneer population here, emanating from the greatest dairying country in the world, very naturally kept alive their love for a stable full of thrifty cows and steers. “The rub” inhered in the necessity to raise enough in summer, on their rather meagre clearings, to feed the cattle through the long winters. That required the help of horses. Which leads in my memory to a very severe electric storm that made this neighborhood “sit up and take notice” one summer night. Madsen's horses were pasturing in a field directly back of the hotel. Both horses were killed. It was thought that

the horses had their heads over a wire fence, and that lightning struck a tree, jumped to the wire, which carried the charge to the horses. Madsen felt much disheartened next day.

Hans Madsen smoked a great deal and raised his own tobacco. You who sit upon the plaza in front of the hotel will be interested in the big boat he owned and kept tied exactly at this spot on the shore. He had built it to transport cordwood to market in Frankfort, and made it big, like himself. It did not have the unlaunchabe size of Robinson Crusoe's first venture in boat building, but it was so unwieldy that Madsen made but one trip to market with it.

48

THE MORTENSON FAMILY

Very little less identified with Herring Lake's southern border than Hans Madsen was Mrs. Madsen's son-in-law. Rasmus Mortenson, whose home was on the next forty to the south and faced Lake Michigan. This is now known as Sylvan Shores. In this most romantic of environments his gentle and patient wife reared their six bright children. Rasmus tilled his sandy acres, worked in the woods, fished, helped at loading boats—did whatever task that came to his hand to keep the larder repleted. He was one of the best caretakers of cattle, and his boys inherited his ability in that capacity. Never were better neighbors than the Mortensons.

Their house and sheltered barn were closely set, and a very cosy contiguity it seemed; but, when fire broke out one night in the home, resistance to its appetite was futile—it made a clean sweep of their little village of farm buildings.

This was on May 1, 1904. It was but logical that the family should move into one of the near-by houses left untenanted by Watervale's decline. The house they chose was the one immediately west of the present Casino. Here they remained until their burned farm buildings could be replaced. It was in this Watervale house, on January 1, 1905, in the midst of a very cold and stormy period, that the sweet soul of Mary, Mrs. Rasmus

Mortenson, left her frail body. Her husband survived her a little over nine years, meantime losing a leg, and there are few days more cold and stormy than the one we bore his mortal remains across the corner of the frozen lake to their last resting place.

The five surviving Mortenson children are too well and favorably known locally to need introduction, but Johnny deserves special attention. His twinkling blue eyes and alert responsiveness in conversation are unforgettable. He owned one of the first motor boats on the little lake, and kept it housed at what I have dedicated the “Holmes Corner” of the Bay. It was his great

JOHNNY MORTENSON

49 pleasure to take on the neighbors who would visit the lake of a Sunday and say “We'll all take a ride.”

Johnny Mortenson entered the World War, and was the only entrant from this community to return in a casket. Never before or since were so many friends assembled to do honor to one of their departed neighbors as came to Johnny Mortenson's obsequies. In my mind's ear can still hear the text of the sermon as it was delivered at the schoolhouse Johnny had entered and left so many times: “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” He sleeps beside his parent in the local cemetery, situated so fittingly in sight and hearing of the animated surface and the soothing voice of the little lake he love so well.

50

A TURN UP MAIN STREET, WATERVALE

The present big garage in Watervale was the boarding barn for horses in the sawmill days. To be “barn boss” was considered a distinction to be coveted. The next house to the east (later occupied by the Mortensons after their fire) was that of G. K. Estes, brother-in-law of Leo F. Hale, the head of the company. Estes was the company's bookkeeper, with

office in the grocery, general supply store and postoffice, which a series of alterations and additions has made into the present Casino.

To give it distinctiveness, we may as well call the only thoroughfare through the present town “Main Street,” for “in the bravery days of old” there was an avenue south of an parallel with it. The building on the back street were characteristically of the shanty type, and have long since disappeared. Following Main Street eastward, we now have come to the hotel, where most of the unmarried mill hands boarded. It was a lively place, and the scene of frequent dances, attracting attendance from considerable distances. My diary fixes definitely the Fourth of July celebration of 1894. There was a swimming race, starting from midlake, directly out from the sandy point, and ending in front of the hotel. The “tug of war” was pulled off exactly “forninst” the hotel; also a “sack race” and other contest. In the evening the hotel tried to accommodate the big crowd that assembled and concluded the patriotic observance with a dance.

Directly east of the hotel was the house occupied several years by Charley Hanson and family. The son, Winnie, was a violinist, and died many years ago. The daughter, Allie, became the wife of Martin King, who might have developed into a competent surveyor had not death taken this very likeable young man all too soon. Allie is now the wife of Harry Gilroy, of Gilmore township, and her aged father lives with them.

From the Hanson house eastward the buildings were rather uniform in appearance (unlike the ones so far 51 mentioned) until the house now owned by Fred Kraft was reached. I can recall a rather long series of occupants of this house; but it came to be called “the Curtis house,” from the fact that a big, jolly traveling salesman named Curtis bought it before the complete decline of the village, and occupied it with his family desultorily for several years. Even before modernized as it is now, this house showed individuality in its structure. Exactly in front of it was the very heart and center of sawlog accumulation during winter hauling, because right there was the highest bank and most natural location for rolling and tumbling almost myriad logs away from the teamsters’ sleighs.

One of the knoll east of Fred Kraft's was the schoolhouse of District No. 7, which had been detached from District No. 4 after much discussion and internal dissension. At least one of the most memorable dances in the village was held at this schoolhouse during its zenith of glory. Walter Daines, later Prosecuting Attorney of this county, taught in this seat of learning. After the decline of the villages, and the most consequent reuniting of School Districts Nos. 4 and 7, this schoolhouse was moved to its present location on M22 and made comparatively modern.

It was in the sheltered nook of woods east of Schoolhouse No. 7 that the Indian family of three generations mentioned in “The Bride of Mystery” camped during the winter of 1865-6.

52

THE OUTLET

One's thought can hardly embrace the Outlet, the channel from Herring to Lake Michigan, as it appeared during the regime of the sawmill, without recalling the dam near the emergence of the water upon the big lake's beach. Remnants of the dam and chute are yet to be found there. The purpose of the dam was to confine the outflowing water of the channel within the dimensions of a box-like chute, into which was built a stout gate, like the gates in a canal lock, but on a smaller scale. This gate was raised or lowered by using powerful lever. When the gate was lowered it shut off the flow of water and held the level of water in the lake at a stage that best facilitated the running of logs into the mill. Raising of the gate allowed passage of the water and lowered the level of the lake.

53

SATTERBERG, THE SWEDE

The first meeting I ever had with Ole Satterberg was after he had come from Manistee and been empowered as caretaker of this dam at the channel. To prevent its being tampered

with by the hand of man or the caprices of nature, Ole was hired to watch it day and night, sleeping beside it in a shanty built for his especial use.

After the mill became inactive, Satterberg bought the land comprising the farm now owned by George Wilson, on M22 opposite the White Owl dance hall. This land was mostly woods, and was cleared by Ole Satterberg's untiring energy and sinewy strength. On it he and his excellent helpmeet reared their family, losing two boys during that period. Besides the purchase of this land, Ole bought a frontage on Herring Lake covering all the space from the White Owl (inclusive) to the northern boundary of the Stuart frontage. This he later divided into one-acre (200 feet square) plots and sold as such.

Satterberg also sold his farm and moved to Frankfort, where he was badly injured in an automobile accident and died a few years later. Ole Satterberg was a native of Sweden, a man of stern aspect at first sight, but of amiability upon acquaintance. He worked for and with me much, and it is seldom I have seen a man of such lightning-like movements. Sterling was his character, and he had the most punctilious sense of responsibility. He was a veritable landmark of Herring Lake during his presence beside it.

54

THE DAILY STEAMER

As soon as the Watervale pier was completed, it was made a stopping place for the “shore boat” that made daily trips from Frankfort to Manistee and back. It carried passengers and freight, and it continued to call and accommodate such traffic after the mill business expired, until the pier became too badly crumbled from years of neglect to assure the safe loading and unloading of goods. The boat which covered most of those years of service was the little steamer John D. Dewar, commanded by a veteran mariner, Capt. Henry F. Robertson, still living in Frankfort.* He is a member of a numerous lake-faring race.

* Since the compiling and reading of first proofs of this history, Captain Robertson passed along, on June 3, 1929. The great respect in which he was held was evidenced by both the Masonic and neighborly honors attending his obsequies.

“BILLY” STUBBS

55

GENIAL “BILLY” STUBBS

Of all the associations clustering about Herring Lake that are the fruitage of personal contact or industrious research, no figure seems of more importance or more enduring in memory than the modest, lovable personality of William H. Stubbs. You will kindly pardon a touch of sentiment when I say that he passed from this life with his hand in mine, as was becoming our close friendship. In years of intercourse with him as my nearest neighbor, there was never the faintest breeze of discord to mar our enjoyment of pioneer interdependence and mutual good will.

“Billy” Stubs was born in Rochester, N.Y., and his first work of consequence was a newsboy there. Genesee Falls, located there, he loved to describe. He served in the Civil War, and at its close was discharged from the Union Army as a corporal. But before the war's ending he suffered more hardship, though less gratifying to one's military spirit, than soldiers at the front. He for many months was an occupant of Libby Prison, and that voices volumes. His health was much impaired there. He attributed the loss of his teeth to treatment he received there.

Very soon after the Civil War's close “Billy” Stubbs came to this neighborhood with a brother. George, with eyes alert for homestead lands. George lingered for a time, and then crossed the state and settled in the Alpena country, but “Billy” tarried, fascinated by the beauty of the northern environs of Herring Lake. He soon secured from the government a full allotment of one hundred and sixty acres under the homestead act. This tract practically covered the northern boundary of the lake and included what became the present Frederickson farm. Had taxes been high in those days, “Billy” could not have retained his grip on his heart's ideal of a home among the pines; for almost the only

opportunities for earning were by the brawn and muscle 56 process, and he was not a strong man, as measured by the standard of the typical lumberjack.

But “Billy” was tenacious, and, above all else, he was patient, almost to a fault. However, in his case patience did not prove to be a fault. Whenever told by more impulsive people that the homestead was not worth the taxes he was paying, and that he was foolish to keep himself poor for the sake of retaining his title to it, he would calmly, and with serene faith, reply that in the course of time the beautiful lake front could not fail of coming to its own, of being much desired for summer resorting. His small pension helped a little, and he waited with confident composure.

Meantime “Billy” Stubbs lived a life that may be regarded from today's era of feverish haste and unrest as almost idyllic in its relation and reactions to Nature. In his later years he roved the roads of his own and adjoining townships with a small packet describing or illustrating useful articles. If his neighbors, near or remote, were disposed to buy from his books, table cutlery or fruit trees, he was pleased. If they did not buy his genial goodby was just as complacently hearty. When seen approaching, his head and eyes would be shifting from side to side to regard the native arrangement of tree and shrub, to absorb the beauty of the wild flower, or to espy a tiny bird flitting from bush to bush. He would comment to the questioner that he preferred walking to riding after a horse, because footing it gave him more time to abandon himself to the natural charms of the roadside. If a horse's steps were too speedy for his leisurely mood in those days, what would have been his attitude toward the multiplied speed of the tourist of today?

His friendly hand in mine, “Billy” Stubbs passed out on the fifth day of May, 1907. He but barely saw the advent of the automobile, and an automobile would not have been at all consonant with his evaluation of life. If his serene and complacent ideal of life were to be condensed 57 into three words, those words would be “Haste is useless.” Dear reader, coming to “Billy” Stubbs’ beloved Herring Lake for rest and tranquillity, imbibe the full significance of his life-story—he never hurried.

His long-cherished hope, prophecy and dream of Herring Lake's magnetic appeal to the city man jaded by business and the urban lady hungering for primitive beauty came to its full fruition, but “Billy” Stubbs did not to live to see it. It was an apocalyptic vision; it was a dream to come true after the dreamer had ceased to dream. His abundant faith, however, emphasized the truism that it is not the goal, but the journey, that gives to life its purpose and meaning.

58

THE VOYAGE OF “WHITE WINGS”

No imagined vision of the Bay, as it appeared for several years after the dismantling of the mill, would be complete without the protruding figure of the boat built by Jim and Willis Osgood, lying at anchor in a place that would give it the aspect of a sentinel guarding the entrance to the bay from the broader waters to the east and north. These farmer-woodsmen had a dream, too, and the central figure in their dream was their boat, which they christened “White Wings.” Fruit growing and marketing were, for years at about this juncture, regarded as the peculiar province of the local farmer. His orchard was to be his fortune. These Osgood brothers had little farms, but had made little progress with them toward affluence. Coupled with this was the fact that peaches and plums, of which so many were being grown hereabout, were too frequently a drug in the eyes of the local buyer and shipper. It was the dream of these brothers (whose Brother Frank was the original owner of the acres now known as “the Bovard Fruit Farm”) to build a sailing craft and use it themselves as a “hooker” to carry fruit to the populous towns across the big lake. Near-by farmers hoped for the success of the little enterprise as perhaps being likely to help local market conditions to a slight extent, at least.

The “White Wings” had been framed and built to the gunwales on the bank exactly where had stood the boarding house of Nelson Holmes and wife, previously mentioned. Then it was launched and anchored in the Bay and its superstructure carried on very desultorily. For, be it understood, the Osgood brothers were poor, and every penny put into the boat's

construction had to be saved from the wage earned by them in the woods or on farms. Indeed, the progress of the boat's construction was so slow that watchers began to lose interest and almost regard it as an abandoned enterprise. It retained interest, however, as a curiosity, as no other craft approximating a quarter of its size had for years 59 been seen on Herring Lake's waters. Also it was a convenient and inviting place to stop and rest for swimmers bound from the mainland for the sandy point north of the Bay. And what a fine foothold its gunwales furnished for performing a neat dive! The length of “White Wings” was about forty feet, almost a “Great Eastern” beside the little lake's other craft.

But at length the Osgoods surprised us by giving the boat a “whirlwind finish,” and it was floated through the channel and sailed to Frankfort harbor. It had but one mast, and it seemed to me almost disproportionately wide. A cargo of fruit was put aboard, and “White Wings” crossed Lake Michigan and returned to Frankfort. No second voyage on its ample deck was ever undertaken. It was reported to be unwieldly, hard to manage. For several years, with its wings furled or stripped, it lay in the unused portion of Frankfort harbor, the upper end of Betsey Bay. Then it sank, and for some time its single spar visibly protruded from the water. With the disappearance of that lonely spar, “White Wings” became a mere memory.

60

VERY FEW DROWNINGS

Herring Lake has swallowed a surprisingly small toll of human lives relatively to its popularity and numerous tenantry. It has been a favorite haunt of the fisherman winter and summer, and its shores are all so accessible and most of its beaches so inviting that the swimmer has always regarded it with an eye of favoritism. In the spring of 1902, as the ice was becoming thin, John Westagard, working on the Paul Rose farm, came to the little lake duck hunting. He shot a duck on the ice near the northwest corner of the lake, almost in front of Chas. Luxford's present cottage. He risked walking on the fickle ice to recover his trophy, broke through and was drowned. But very few years after Watervale

had been resurrected and made a summer resort, an Ikenberry girl, living south of Elberta, had come, one Sunday afternoon, with companions, for a picnic near the Outlet. It was afterward said that she had gone swimming too soon after partaking of the picnic dinner. Be that as it may, she swam the widest place in the Outlet two or three times, and in trying again to repeat the feat she was overcome and went down.

In 1858 a German and his wife, presumably traveling Lake Michigan's beach as a thoroughfare, attempted to cross the Outlet on the ice and broke through and were drowned. They were buried a short distance northward from where they lost their lives, and a cross was erected to mark their resting place. That cross, often decaying in the ground and falling down, has been as repeatedly replaced as a totem to the unfortunate couple.

In 1880, or soon after, Charles Boulanger, of French descent, who was making the Outlet his port of entry and headquarters while plying his trade as a commercial fisherman in Lake Michigan, was drowned in that big water. The exact circumstances of the fatality, it seems, were never known.

61

THE TRAGIC TALE OF “HAPPY MACK”

No research has ever been able to locate the exact place or precise date of the sadly dramatic event I am about to relate. It was well authenticated in substance, and corresponded pretty closely in time with the establishment by “Old” Averill of his sawmill on Herring creek. This section was the Mecca of so many prospective and actual settlers from Ohio that it is not unreasonable to suppose the hunting camp described was not very remote from the subject of this history. This is the sad story:

Five hunters came from Ohio to the Grand Traverse region to spend the fall in purusuit of game. They erected a tent and prepared themselves for mild winter weather. Among them was a young man who had left at home two women whose love he possessed in

very large measure, his mother and his sweetheart. There was need that one of the five campers remain at the tent each day to guard their stores and prepare supper for the other four who took to the woods. The next morning after the establishment of their camp they drew lots to determine who should stay at the tent the first day. The lot fell to the young man, who was familiarly known among them as “Happy Mack.” They asked him to have their favorite dish, soup, ready for supper when they returned, and he promised to do so.

As they left camp behind, they took the customary precaution of blazing an occasional tree to indicate the main direction of their wandering, trusting to memory to direct them back to this blazed trail from lateral detours. The blazed trees would lead them back to camp. They hunted till nearly dark. A light snow had fallen during the day. They held a consultation and concluded to close their first day's hunt early for safety. When they neared the camp on their return they fired a gun. There was no response. Reaching the tent, they entered and struck a light. “Happy Mack” was not in the tent or to be found anywhere about. But his gun was hanging 62 in the tent, and the fresh snow showed no footsteps. All was mysterious.

They did no more hunting for game. For four weeks they searched the forest far and near for any trace of “Happy Mack,” alive or dead, but finally abandoned the quest as hopeless. They returned to Ohio and broke the sad news to the mother, who soon died from a heart broken by the loss of her boy. The sweetheart lived on and on and on, silently grieving the unknown fate of her lover.

JOHN HUNT AND WIFE

63

“MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN,” SAID JOHN HUNT

If you approach Herring Lake from the south, you will observe that the last cleared field you pass is bordered by the forest-shaded road on the east and the steep hillside on the west, and that a few apple trees survive from a little orchard once standing hear the

hillside. These were planted about 1870. Between the apple trees and the road stood the loghouse in which my wife was born Sept. 6, 1865. She was said to be the second white child born within the limits of what is now Blaine township. This loghouse was built by her father, John Hunt, in the winter of 1863-4, and until within recent years remnants of it were still seen upon its site. Whenever asked why, when he left Ohio, he came here and located, instead of going to some of the western states having much heavier soil and less hills, he would reply that he had prospected the west and did not like the windswept prairies, and that the magnet of Herring Lake, once looked upon, was ever after irresistible to him.

It was John Hunt, acting with the Board of Supervisors, who named this township “Blaine,” after James G. Blaine, “The Plumed Knight,” when this township was detached from that of Gilmore, which embraces the village of Elberta. For several years before the birth of Watervale there was a local postoffice located in John Hunt's frame house, where you leave M22 to drive to Watervale from the south, and he, of course, was postmaster. But “in that elder day” of pioneering Benzonia was the nearest postoffice, and he walked there fortnightly for letters from the old home in Ohio. And he walked to Traverse City to meet with the Board of Supervisors when Grand Traverse County embraced the present Benzie County. He would go to Manistee with a rowboat for flour, meat and other simple staples.

John and Theresa Hunt lost two children before 1870, and buried them in an enclosed plot in the center of the field previously mentioned as containing the site of their loghouse. The tall fir trees marking the burial places are conspicuous objects today.

ESTABLISHING THE CEMETERY

The cemetery southeast of Elberta was originally shared jointly by Gilmore and Blaine townships. But funerals in winter and long processions from this township to that cemetery were cold and almost dangerous duties for many years. It was in 1906 that the land for the

local cemetery was bought and plotted, and the former long and sad processions made no longer necessary. Besides this reason, the Elberta burial place was becoming filled and unpurchased lots there few or undesirable.

FIRES RARE

To my knowledge there has been one rather conspicuous building destroyed by fire near the little lake. During the operation of the Averill mill on Herring Creek there was a house built on the end of the high ridge directly north of the entrance to the Outlet. Some years later this was burned to the ground. Whether the boarding houses, crude of construction, that accommodated Averill's mill hands and log-cutters were burned, wrecked and moved away, or crumbled and fell, there is no way of knowing.

THE CHAMPION MARKSMAN VISITS THE LAKE

Resorters from Chicago may be interested and proud in knowing that the champion target rifle shot of that city, James Herbert George, visited the lake in June, 1901, and entertained local sharpshooters by competing with them. To those more than casually interested I can show a photo of “Bert” George weighted heavily with medals he won in competition with other Chicago marksmen.

ROY FINDS THE LAKE AN ANTIDOTE FOR DRUGS.

Roy Collins, the Frankfort druggist, comes from an ancestry with a love for primitive nature. His father was an apothecary before him. Almost my first remembrance of Roy is as he appeared driving with horse and buggy with his father to their little house in the shrubbery near the creek connecting the upper and lower lakes. It was something more deeply seated than an expectation of enhancing values in resort lands that prompted Roy to acquire the wide lake frontage adjoining the White Owl on the north and reaching inland to the public highway. It was the lure of the lake, with its forestry merges, the solemn

dirges of the wind and storm, enchantment of watching wild birds in their many moods. Further, it was to save from the ax and flame the white birch, the never-unclothed cedar and the earth-loving juniper that gives his uncleared acres an atmosphere and an aroma of the old, old days.

To be “far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,” Roy and his companionable wife and daughter will come to their cottage after frost has driven all others from the lake. There they view the vari-tinted sunsets, drink in the beauty of the floating clouds, and watch the wild birds exhibiting their native traits in unembarrassed freedom. They ever hunt or fish, and seldom boatride. It is not activity, but opportunity for undisturbed contemplation, that they seek. I have known Roy Collins to defy warnings of the fiercest impending blizzards and remain alone at his cottage to experience direct contact with Nature in her most threatening aspect and mood.

66

“FISHERMAN'S LUCK”

It was just south of the White Owl's future site, and well out in the lake, that Mike Gavigan and I were trolling for pickerel one Sunday in June, 1887. I was here on a visit, and had but very recently met my brother-in-law. We both packed ourselves into a very narrow canoe calculated to carry but one person. It was decked, and our valuables we had stowed under the deck. Mike was rowing, and I was dragging one hundred feet of line behind. All was well as long as we remained seated and very carefully poised. But I suddenly felt the jerk of a big fish on my line and began to pull him toward the boat. The better to play him backward and forward across the stern of the boat, with the object of tiring him before taking him aboard, I got excited and rose to my knees on the seat, thus facing Friend Pickerel. He was a whooper, and one of his sidewise evolutions upset our pigmy craft in the twinkling of an eye. Simultaneously we asked one another, “Can you swim?” “You bet!” was the simultaneous reply. We righted the boat to keep our valuables safe under the deck, and slowly towed and pulled it to the shore. The pickerel was too little interested in

his new acquaintances to see them safely landed, for some reason that the modern school of psychologists may be able to explain. Instead, he expectorated the spoonhook and—well, if I presume to tell what he then did, you will doubt the whole story. Whether itt was more “fisherman's luck” or fish's luck I leave the reader to decide.

67

“RUPRIGHTVILLE”

George Rupright, like Collins, bought a wide strip extending from M22 to the lake, but made both farm and a resort of his purchase. George is an experienced hunter and trapper, and he is familiar with the traits of furred and feathered life around his section of the lake. He and his genial frau are literally “at home” at their cottage near Herring Creek's mouth in summer. Their abode there is becoming surrounded by almost a village of later comers.

THE LATEST LOGHOUSE

As you drive toward the north end of the little lake from M22, you pass the Frederickson farm. South of the road, after you have crossed the little bridge, stands the picturesque loghouse owned and occupied by George Dusenbury. George's little farm was formerly the property of Daniel Arnold, brother of George Arnold, on M22. Daniel Arnold erected his house in the spring of 1892, and it was the latest loghouse to be built, to my knowledge, in this community.

68

FREDERICKSON, HERDSMAN, FISHERMAN, FARMER

The Frederickson forty had been a part of the “Billy” Stubbs homestead, as before mentioned. Rasmus Frederickson had been a sheepherder in California, but was attracted by the number of his native Danish countrymen settling near here. He sent to Denmark for his wife and her parents and established a home for them on the site marked by the

conspicuous pine tree. The main road formerly passed close to the Frederickson barn and emerged upon the site of the present M22 exactly in front of Elias Gilroy's house. Rasmus Frederickson was a thrifty farmer, good neighbor, and an outstanding personality in the community.

Mrs. Frederickson was a kindly soul of extreme hospitality. In her later years rheumatism contracted and knotted her hands and affected her limbs so as to confine her to her bed. But her tender disposition was unaltered and her love of beautiful needlework undiminished. I remember seeing many specimens of her beautiful needlecraft executed after one would have thought her hands too distorted to handle the needle.

69

KNUDSON, DOCTOR-FARMER

Mrs. Frederickson's sister was Mrs. Knudson, still living. John Knudson and wife live in the house beside the creek, and on M22, a rather romantic setting. They resided in the lumbering town of Burnham, one mile north of Arcadia, for years, but have been in their present quarters long enough to seem like local pioneers. John Knudson is something of an herb doctor. Four of thee children of this couple are local residents, and three are scattered.

THE OLD “PICNIC GROUNDS”

At the northeast corner of the lake, within sight of where you approach it by the road passing Dusenbury's loghouse, has long been a grove of trees so nicely spaced and inviting that it was known as “The Picnic Ground.” Here would the local school-teachers take their pupils for their last-day-of school picnics. Grown-ups also found this an attractive place to assemble on a holiday and dine upon the permanent tables always waiting guests in this shady nook.

But the old “Picnic Grounds” are being absorbed by the demand for the lots for investing resorters to build upon. The “Old Stubbs place,” as it was long ago called, has largely been occupied by a colony of business men and railroaders from Elberta.

70

THE BOY SCOUTS ARRIVE

Seeking as near isolation as it is possible to find since the lake's borders began to be plotted into lots and “developed,” the Boy Scouts of Chicago acquired a summer camping spot on the peninsula extending from the north between the little and Lake Michigan. For about ten summers have their night fires turned the eye and their music attracted the ear to sheltered shore of the lake that had before been less visited and utilized than any other of its beaches.

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE

Winter fishing through the ice has become so popular that the lake is speckled with fish houses as soon as the ice is safe. The catch varies from nothing up to “muskies” weighing thirty-five pounds each. I have known a truck to return to Manistee with a load as the yield of one day's fishing

CHARLES H. WILSON

71

AN OLD TIME ACTOR AND HIS FAMILY

George Wilson and his family have lived on M22, opposite the White Owl, less than nine years at this writing, but he has been a resident of this township fifty-six years. His wife is a daughter of Samuel S. Gilbert, who left the legacy of memoirs from which I have gleaned so much early local history. George Wilson's father was an artist in a wholly different role. And I use the word “role” advisedly from a technical standpoint, for Charles H. Wilson was

one of America's well-known actors. And he passed the last thirty-eight years of his life on the north shore of Upper Herring Lake, on what we residents know as the wilson farm, a quarter of a mile west of the picturesque Salsgiver residence and public boathouse. The Wilson place is marked by the tall poplar trees by the roadside and the beautiful evergreen grove opposite and extending to the water's edge.

Actor Charles H. Wilson was born, with General Grant, in 1822, and was married in 1844 to Sarah Maria Hart. George, the oldest of their five children, is the only one still surviving. In the almost forty years on the farm, George assures me, his father did only part of one day of farm work—he helped one day at hauling in some hay.

The stage was Charles Wilson's life and soul. He played on the stage in every large city of the East and South. He was the original Joe Morgan in “Ten Nights in a Barroom,” at the Aquarial Gardens in Boston, in 1861, and he took up the play again and again in many cities and smaller towns. He had played with most of the stage celebrities of his time, including Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson and others of their class. He was playing with Edwin Booth when Wilkes Booth shot President Lincoln, and both he and Edwin had seen Wilkes but a short time before. Wilson was playing at Rice's Theatre in chicago in 1848. He was playing Uncle Tom in “Uncle Tom's Cabin” in Wood's Museum in Chicago in 1871, at the time of the great Chicago fire, and lost some of his wardrobe by the fire.

He returned to Boston often after various engagements in important cities, but went from there to Denver in 1866, and was a partner in productions there and in Central City. Returning to Boston in 1867, Wilson connected himself again, with the Aquarial Gardens. At that amusement place were being exhibited five typical representatives of South African tribes, Hottentot, Bushman, Fingo, Kafir, and Zulu. These individuals of assorted sizes were but in his charge, and he ushered them upon the stage and lectured about them. George Wilson has recently shown me the picture of this group of South Africans.

At about this time the Aquarial Gardens learned of there being, somewhere in Canada, the only white whale in captivity, and sent Wilson to secure it for the Aquarial exhibit. P. T. Barnum was on the ground at the same time trying to obtain this curiosity. But Wilson knew something of the French language, which ingratiated him with a priest who had influence bearing upon the disposal of the white whale, and Wilson “landed” the whale. It was brought to New York on a flat car, and it was necessary for the actor to pour water upon it all the way. Afterwards it was taken to Boston and exhibited as long as it was novelty. Wilson made another trip to canada and purchased two small white whales, which were taken to Coney Island and placed on exhibition for six weeks. Barnum finally purchased them of the Aquarial Gardens after white whales had ceased to be a curiosity, which recalls Barnum's famous saying that “the American people like to humbugged.”

Actor Wilson's varied experiences in connection with the white whale suggest the dramatic adventures in Herman, Melville's “Moby Dick.”

The actor's failing health compelled him to quit the stage, his last stand in Chicago being in Hooley's Theatre. Before he left Chicago, all the playhouse in the city combined in giving him a benefit. With his family, he retired to the farm above mentioned June 19, 1873. It always seemed to me, in my acquaintance with 73 his wife, that she imbibed somewhat of her husband's dramatic quality in colloquy.

But, though practically retired, Wilson did not cease to act. He produced plays in the villages hereabout and broken in many “cub” actors and actresses. The last time I saw “Old Charley Wilson” on the stage was in the big brick hall in Elberta, where he revived Mrs. Wood's once famous drama, “East Lynne.” His good wife died in 1905, and he followed her in November, 1911. Their son George has contributed this very good likeness of his father as he appeared in his halycon days of the stage.

“BIG HANS” IN THE ROLE OF BODYGUARD

No history or biography of the personnel of Herring Lake's human associates would be complete without including Hans C. Hanson, who has lived for many years and reared a family of four adult and husky children on what we old-timers call “The Dorey Place.” “Big Hans” we used to call him in the days of his early prime. Hard labor was stopped him, but he was once so erect and of so commanding personality that he was selected for one of the Danish king's bodyguard before he came to America. That was the year of my coming to Herring Lake's neighborhood, and I knew “Big Hans” from the time of our first summer here. I have often heard him relate his experience upon landing at Castle Garden and passing his first night in a strange city whose people spoke a tongue entirely strange to him. When vessels were loading lumber from Herring Lake pier, in the busy days of the big sawmill, Hans was almost indispensable as a helper.

74

THE SHIPWRECKED, FROZEN SAILOR

In the winter of 1885-6 scarlet fever was almost an epidemic in the Herring Lake neighborhood. There were children taken from the Frederickson family, Anna and Maggie. As winter came on and navigation on the lakes came almost to a close, a belated schooner was wrecked just out from the Mortenson farm (now called Sylvan Shores). Five of its crew managed to reach shore in a small boat. It was bitterly cold, with snow on the ground. At each of the scattering houses where they knocked for entrance, they were told of scarlet fever sickness within and so passed on to the next day. As they proceeded down the road that is our modern M22, and were about abreast of the Dorey house, now Hans Hanson's, one of the men became helpless from cold and had to be carried by the other four.

The Fredericksons had a house full of sickness, and probably told the sailors that “Billy” Stubbs’ house was free from it, and of Stubbs’ isolated location. At any rate, they turned west toward the little lake on leaving the Frederickson house, and were admitted to the little Stubbs house. They, before knocking at the door, dropped their helpless comrade in

the snow. He was brought in and cared for, and recovered consciousness. This had all occurred in the morning, and before night the men started toward Frankfort and engaged Philo Peterson (a pioneer on the present Graham farm) to come with his horse team and convey the frozen-footed man to Frankfort, from where they all went to their homes in Canada. Walter Stubbs, about ten years old at the time, vividly recalls the whole episode and his elation over the Canadian coins (quarters) the men gave him. A year or two afterward “Billy” Stubbs received a letter from the sailor who had been hors de combat in the battle with Jack Frost. As a result of their being so badly frozen, he had lost both feet.

75

THE FIRST SCHOOL IN A PRIVATE HOUSE

At this period the only school for the Stubbses and Fredericksons and others near the north end of the little lake was in the private house owned by Robert Emery, the first house east of M22 on the road leading to the Salsgiver place now. Laura Rothgeb was teacher. Only three pupils attended, Anna Frederickson, Walter Stubbs and Frank Axtell. Axtell's home was with his parents, pioneers living on the Lake Michigan bluff, in the first house near the big lake northward from Herring, an eerie location, close to what the first pioneers called Lookout Hill. Frank Axtell has recently gone on, but I distinctly recall how he affected the Indian brave by wandering the woods and roads with a gun and with big hen's feathers stuck into his hat.

Rasmus Frederickson, Simon Frederickson's father, made finishing a collateral vocation on first settling on his farm. He built a smokehouse exactly where were located the “Picnic Grounds,” previously mentioned. White fish and lake trout were abundant, and in this smokehouse “Fred,” as his neighbors were wont to call him, prepared his “catch” for the market.

76

“OLD HERRING CREEK”

In the late seventies or early eighties there arrived in the Herring Lake neighborhood a Danish cabinet-maker named August Peterson. In lieu of a demand for his special handicraft, he built at least one of the largest local farmhouses. He was a “jack of all trades” and always in demand for some job. August was an “old bach,” and at times kept his “hall” in various shanties not far from the lake. Sometimes he boarded with farmers. But not very frequently, though almost periodically, his native geniality and quietude would give way to petulance and pessimism. His intimates knew then that a trip to town and a few days’ loafing and visiting saloons were due. He would purchase his stock of groceries, get his “skin full” of whiskey, run out of money, swap his groceries for more whiskey, and only point his foot-prints toward the lake when his hip pocket flask held his last asset. There would then be a complacent, optimistic aspect on his features and a dreamy, distant look in his eye. Among his cronies in town he was known as “Old Herring Creek,” and he seemed to relish the sobriquet. He had no enemies besides an appetite for liquor so strong that it would have incinerated the insides of any other man. The stuff he would drink “in a pinch” would pale the pride of a modern bootlegger—perhaps. If he strayed temporarily from his labor when “sobering up,” it was a safe gamble that he was visiting some spot where he had a flagon cached safe from all visitations but his own, as he imagined. Perhaps he did not realize that his “special brand” had no attractions for men who possessed normal internal machinery. “Old Herring Creek” followed the much traveled “line of least resistance” and died in the almshouse and sleeps in the potter's field. Let us drop a tear in memory of a familiar habitant of our lake who never harmed a soul except himself.

77

HERRING LAKE AN ACCOMPLICE IN DEER SLAYING

Regarding the beautiful deer through rather sentimental eyes, and never having seen a live deer outside of a city park, it is somewhat sadly that I record the fact that great

numbers of these fleet-footed animals have been chased by hunters into Herring Lake in the early days and there shot and brought ashore.

IMAGINATION REHABILITATES THE PAST

Dear readers, as you sit upon Herring Lake's southern shore, perhaps in one of the observation seats on what it pleases me to christen “The Little Plaza” in front of the hostelry, and look northward, let your imagination picture the scene of stalwart Hans Madsen, with his wife and daughter on a big handsled, he balanced upon it on his knees, and propelling it rapidly over the ice with a sharpened pole made for the purpose. The era is forty-five years aback, and the trio are bound for the pioneer home of “Billy” Stubbs and family, at the other extremity of the ice-covered lake, for a Sunday visit.

Then let your fancy take another leap of fifty years or more backward to “the forest primeval,” and envisage “Lookout Hill” as it projected its pristine pines toward the sky, they sometimes towering one hundred feet above other trees. I picture them to myself as more generously limbed and foliated on the northeast quarter, the prevailing southwest winds having curtailed the growth in that direction. The picture assumes credibility when we recall Emerson Hough's description of the effects of long-prevailing winds upon trees standing at great altitudes, such as he visited when describing “the timber line” in the Rockies. What an exquisite aspect these giant pines must have presented after a quiet snowfall, draped in a white mantle to their very crowns!

Or transfer your imagination to the placid waters of the little lake in summer. The white man has not arrived. Wild ducks float tranquilly and with majesty, and 78 dive occasionally for a fish. Other fish-hunting birds skim the limpid surface or soar aloft with inimitable grace. A doe, followed by her fawn, approaches the marge and drinks without fear, and scans the prospect before again entering the forest. On the farther shore smoke arises vertically in curls from a wigwam. You strain your eyes in an effort to discern the squaw sitting near it and weaving primitive carpets from the cattail and flag.

It is with a semi-shock that you are called back to the present by a summons to a modern meal or the sudden arrival of a limousine.

Herring Lake was the last of the little local lakes near Lake Michigan to see its environs practically denuded of virgin timber, to have its native beauty scarred by the commercial hand of man. It still remains, withal, a beautiful gem adorning Nature's bosom. If, in this short history of its evolution from primitive isolation to the retreat and solace of the summer visitor and the winter fisher, I have succeeded in making it more interesting, my purpose is fulfilled. For what more appealing attribute can Life itself have than to be intensely interesting?

OSCAR H. KRAFT

79

WATERVALES'S REBIRTH

Dr. Oscar H. Kraft was and is the moving spirit, the central force, in the resurrection of Watervale from a completely defunct lumber village into one of the loveliest summer resorts on Lake Michigan's eastern shore. For ten years the Doctor had cruised the Great Lakes, and had acquired desirable resort sites at two points to the north of here. In August, 1914, with Dr. George J. Dennis, he was at Mackinac with his gasoline cruiser, the Okay (named from his initials), when it caught fire and burned to the water's edge, with valuables belonging to both doctors, including costly guns owned by Dr. Dennis. The two men jumped to the shore to escape being incinerated. They boarded the steamer Chippewa, plying between Mackinac and the Soo, for the latter place, and from there returned to Chicago by train.

During these cruises the Doctor had dropped in at many ports whose harbors were little lakes, and most often at Frankfort and Arcadia. Herring Lake was the gem, with undulating sylvan boundaries, that held the strongest lure for him, after his glimpse of it. And this was

when the little lake presented its most forbidding aspect. In the week between Christmas and New Year's, 1915-16, in a blinding snowstorm, he first set his eyes upon its snow-covered waters, crossing from the present home of Frank Van Colen to the deserted Watervale, his conveyance being a sleigh drawn by a team of horses. This first view was sufficient to clinch his determination to give Watervale a renaissance and introduce it to his hosts of friends.

The old hotel was first of the building to undergo rehabilitation. It was on the verge of tottling to the ground. Today its accommodations are substantial and modern, and its originally beautiful setting has been embellished with choice trees, shrubs and flowers. The Casino and the residence to the west have received rejuvenation, and the same is true of the long row of cottages 80 east of the hotel and constituting what I have denominated Main street.

Wherever the slope toward the lake had suffered erosion from wind or water the contour has been restored and the bare spots seeded or sodded to grass, sometimes hauled from considerable distance. Intercommunication is facilitated by a neat cement walk the whole length of the street. The wash-rooms are supplied with hot and cold water, the supply source of H 2 O being a mammoth elevated tank, filled from a well by a pump and engine.

In the Casino are a hall for dancing and a stage for setting a play or other entertainment. The Casino is also equipped with two billiard and pool tables. For out-of-door amusement there are a beautiful tennis court and shuffle court. From the Little Plaza, with observation chairs and other seats, directly in front of the hotel, the whole length and breadth of the little lake may be swept with the eye to greatest advantage. There are rowboats a-plenty, and the hum motor-boats gives life to the optical aspect. Having myself swum from every inch of Herring Lake's shores, I can vouch that the whole of Main street is fronted by a beach that is attractive, and the water increases in depth uniformly for the safety of the wader and the pleasure of the swimmer.

In the whole distance from the Indiana line northward, I know of no other equal span so pretty as the fifteen miles from Onekama as you approach Watervale. Some of the views of Lake Michigan from this route cannot be paralleled elsewhere for grandeur.

ARTHUR KRAFT

81

THE KRAFT FAMILY

Dr. Kraft has five brothers and two sisters. Of the group of six brothers, four are professional men. The youngest is Arthur, the singer. I believe it is advisedly, and upon competent authority, that I state that he is the foremost lyric oratorio tenor of America. Wherever he appears it is an “event.” His time is so well occupied and his services so much in demand that his tutoring is confined to advanced singers who are teachers themselves. His respites from such activities are spent at Watervale.

The other Kraft brothers have individual cottages at the little lake. Miss Hanna Kraft is the genial hostess upon whose shoulders rest the responsibilities of catering to the needs and tastes of the patrons of the hotel. And she wears those responsibilities with a courtesy and good-humored grace that are making Watervale Inn more and more in favor from season to season.

82

THE PERSONNEL OF THE PATRONS

One need only meet a few of the summer visitors to Watervale to be impressed by their friendliness, gentility and culture. They bear the hallmarks of a rather select circle. Their conversation savors of the arts and education in its widest interpretation. The minds of the majority of them have been given polish and breadth of vision by travel abroad. The books they leave upon the reading room table while boating, bathing or strolling show

discriminative taste in selection. And, best of all, they have preserved what Kipling so apty calls “the human touch.”

I shall now name some of the prominent people whose personalities have reflected the attractiveness of our little lake by their presence along its shores in the summer period: Dr. Joseph Prendegrast, A. F. Heinze, Ellen M. Coyne, Charlotte Bunte, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kellner, Elsie Effinger, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Shumann, Katherine Desmond, Miss A. C. Airsthrop, Hazel Airsthrop, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Utley, Frank J. Bergman, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Krafft, John and Chris Hanberg, Mr. and Mrs. John Hanberg, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hanberg, Mrs. Hazel R. Cox, E. H. Long, Miss Elsie Drake, J. A. Lamon, Misses Mary, Margaret, Erin and Eleanor Hogan, E. Buckingham, Miss A. Louis, Fritz Carnehls, Wessly Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. DeLay and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Keller, Dr. J. R. Ballinger, Hulda Appel, E. L. Holmes, Miss Esther Paulson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hartman and daughter, Katherine Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Norman H. Halliday, Dr. and Mrs. F. Pirnat and family, R. J. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Honegger, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Nuss, Mrs. Camilla B. Chase, Dr. and Mrs. and Elfreide Kastner, Blanche Harley, Mrs. C. F. Pieritz, Helen McGregor, Leone Mueller, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ives, Miss E. Fitzsimmons, Hans Mendius, Mrs. Mila Kemper, Wm. Macouser, Bernice Lewka, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Michaelson, E. M. Hamilton, Prof. and Mrs. J. C. Peebles, Eugene E. Meeker, W. K.

WATERVALE VILLAGE

83 Fields and family, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knisely, Wilhelmina Briebach, Mrs. Chas. R. Klein, Mrs. Lillian McGill, Miss E. M. Page, Mrs. A. Meixner, May Buehler, V. K. Hendricks, Mrs. Delbridge, Mabel and Florence Hayes, C. H. Perry, Dr. And Mrs. Burkholder, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Green, Mrs. M. Duffy, Talethia Kellner, Rowland J. Brown, Miss Genevieve Murphy, Mrs. J. G. Jordan, H. W. Bingham and family, Elizabeth Lawton, Helen and Lydia Pahl, Ruby Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Laubenstein, Mrs. F. M. McKee, Catherine Concannon, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Hemken, Mrs. and Mrs. H. Peters, Dr. F. E. Driebrod, Josephine E. Hoch, Arthur Kraft, Mrs. Leone Folz, Irma Bartling, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver N. Goldsmith, May Casper, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Heinze, L. C. Orrell, P. E. Gregory, Rev.

H. W. Prince, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar and Bud Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Paris, Dr. and Mrs. J. Halinger, Chas. Rief, Gertrude Houlihan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Kraft and family, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Dennis, F. J. Kain Rev. F. J. Berghofer, Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, Dr. and Mrs. Gustave Koehler, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Burrows, Margaret Gregson, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hoffman, Miss Helen Knuepfer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carr, Herbert E. Hyde, Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Connelly, H. F. Gustavson, Rose and Agnes Clohesy, Mr. and Mrs. Mary Gardener, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Norak and daughter, Mrs. Franz Otto, Mrs. Harriet Northrup, Elsa Geiger, Margaret Healy, Mr. and Oscar Krapf, Mr. and Mrs. L. L Long, Miss Margaret Milsap, Balser Hofman, Rogers Lim, Arthur Middleton, Misses F. and J. Bronson, Mr. and Mrs. Menton, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Spring, Mrs. W. Boeppler, Mrs. Jas. Scheuerle, Burton Garlinghouse, Miss Oneida Shehan, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Klenk, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Koch, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Rawlings and daughters, H. P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Twomey, May and Tresa Sloan, Hebe Rinquist, Mr. and Mrs. Clark G. Wiltz, Emil Henius, Mrs. D. and Kathleen Frances Ryan, Florence H. Winstead, 84 Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stemm, Miss Elizabeth Robertson, Eleanor Lombach, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Teich, Mr. and Mrs. Irving F. Wollin, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Rayfield, Manon Smith, Frank O. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. George and Irma Wesenmeyer, M. L. Thayer, Elizabeth Schmidt, H. H. Engle, Maurice Spiegel, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Wright, Mrs. Ralph Sherry, Lena Hoch, Mrs. Andrew Schwab, George Webber, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. V. Drake, Alfred Rennert, Dr. Henry Wagner, George Fabricius, Helga Tobiasseu, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Rice, E. E. Besser, Clara and Edith Winkleman, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stevens, Francis C. Wilson, Lyle Raynous, Elsie Luhan, Dr. and Mrs. George Super, Rose Adler, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Sheldon, Dr. Clarence L. Wheaton, Marie Ritter, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Dow and son, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Woods, Miss Sara Canlan, Ralph J. Sherman, Arthur and Pearl Raynous, E. Glokke, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Staehlein and family, Miss Lydia Winter, Lucille Hanson, Helda Schratt, Robert Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Westerschulte and daughter, Ralph Bruckner, Ide Williams, Emmy Schweitzer, Clara Lowe, E. C. Kraft, Frank O. White, Dr. and Carl Beck, Helen Winking, Robert Schumann, Madga Nissen, Agnes and Anna Britt, Elizabeth Whitlock,

Mary M. Farrell, Mrs. E. I. Hook, Otto Pampel, Mr. and Mrs. David Wilson, Max Trense, Rev. M. P. Boynton, Bill Miller, Clark Wiltz, Miss C. Bowman, Lillian M. Hollenbach, Frances Grund, Miss Arline Mayhew, Magdalen Wolff, George Kidd, Jeanne Boyd, Lillian Carpenter, William Schmetzer, S. C. Turley, M. Wallace, E. J. Nelson, E. J. Swanson, G. J. Noger, George Veesenmeyer, F. Kreitenstein and wife, and Mrs. Thomas Rawlings, Mrs. J. M. Coleman.

This list of pleased patrons speaks eloquently for the future of Watervale, and the other resorts around Herring Lake are keeping almost abreast with it in settlement and improvement.

WE HAVE TAKEN A FAR BACKWARD LOOK, AND NOW LET US TAKE A LOOK AHEAD.